

LINCOLN COUNTY LEADER.

Devoted to the Best Interests of Lincoln County and the Development of Its Resources.

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PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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I have the largest and best stock of ready made boots, shoes and slippers in the city at the lowest prices, also a full line of miners' boots and shoes.

Brave Bear, who killed a discharged soldier in 1877, was hanged Wednesday 15th, the President having failed to interfere with the aims of Justice.

The Government free-lunch policy is said to have such an exhilarating effect on the Ute bucks that the agent has about all he can do to prevent them from going on a hair-lifting excursion.

A political article in a leading newspaper is headed "The Decline of the Stump." This may be cheering news to those who smoke five-cent cigars, but it is rough on the hoodlums who pick the raw material out of spittoons and gutters for two cents per pound.

St. John, the Kansas apostle, has got down and hid himself in the dust of humiliation because he was defeated for governor, while McCabe, a neutral tinted African, was elected auditor of state by a good, rousing majority. Alas, how soon are reputations made and lost!

A young lady was lately quite seriously injured in the streets of St. Louis by a cow, and now the City Fathers are at a loss to determine whether to pen up the cattle or the women. What bothers them is to find out whether the streets of that metropolis are better calculated for a pasture than a promenade.

A party of masked men undertook to rob and murder the Chinese miners employed by the Carlisle Mining Company, in the Steeple Rock district, November 4, but were driven off by Mr. Farrish, the superintendent, and a squad of men. There seems to be bad blood on the Gila over the Employment of Chinese laborers in the mines.

Two cranks of St. Johnsbury, Vt., have started on a canoe voyage from Lake George intending to be gone a year. At last accounts they had got as far as Cincinnati, and propose to go from thence to the Gulf, and around to New York, continuing up the Hudson river to the starting point, unless some friendly wave should sooner cast them up from the sea.

Mrs. Stowe, of San Francisco, is a dress-reformer who has given the Chief of Police of that city notice that on and after January 1st she shall wear a male's attire. The chief has replied that he will arrest her if she appears in the street in that costume. In the meantime the masculine world stands shivering with suspense until it is decided who shall wear the breeches.

An exchange tell the story of a ten-year-old who was ordered by his father to go and stand in a certain fence corner as punishment for a slight offence. That was fourteen years ago, and the boy has not been seen or heard of since. The case seems plain enough. The boy had heard of Cassabainca and not finding any peanuts in that particular fence corner, went off to hunt for them, and has had hard luck. Peanuts have riz.

Consul Stevens hastens to inform the state department that double-headed tacks were used in China over two thousand years ago. It will be remembered that this variety of tack is warranted to always stand with the business end up, on the top of the chair-bottom; and now the heart of the small boy is inexpressibly sad when he thinks of all the fun his pig-tailed antitype must have had two thousand years before he was born.

Herbert Spencer's Opinion of Us.

NEW YORK, Nov. 9.—The English philosopher and thinker, Herbert Spencer, was tendered a complimentary dinner by over 200 gentlemen at Delmonico's to-night. Wm. M. Evarts presided. Among the guests were William Humbert, Charles A. Dana and Henry Ward Beecher.

After giving thanks for his cordial reception, Spencer said: It seems to me that in one respect Americans have diverged too widely from savages. I do not mean to say they are in general unduly civilized. Throughout large parts of civilization, even in long settled regions, there is no excess of those virtues needed for the maintenance of social harmony, especially out in the West. Men's dealings do not yet betray too much of the "sweetness and light" which we are told distinguish the cultured man from barbarism, nevertheless there is a sense in which any assertion is true. You know primitive man lacks power of application. Secured by hunger or revenge, he can exert himself energetically for a time, but his energy is spasmodic. Monotonous daily toil is impossible to him. It is otherwise with the more developed man. The stern discipline of social life has gradually increased the craving for persistent industry until among it, and still more among you work has become such a passion.

THAT THE CONTRAST OF NATURE has another aspect. The savage thinks only of present satisfactions and leaves future satisfactions uncared for. Otherwise the American, eagerly pursuing the future good, almost ignores what good the passing day offers him, and when the future good is gained he neglects that, whilst living for some still remoter good. What I have seen and heard during my stay among you has forced on me the belief that this slow change from habitual inertness to persistent activity has reached the extreme from which there must begin a counter change, a reaction everywhere. I have been struck with the number of faces which told in strong lines of burdens that had to be borne. I have been struck too with the large proportion of gray-haired men, and inquiries have brought out the fact that with you the hair commonly begins to turn some ten years earlier than with us. Moreover in every circle I have seen are men who have themselves suffered from nervous collapse due to the stress of business, with friends who have either killed themselves by overwork or have been permanently incapacitated, or have wasted long periods in endeavors to recover health. I do but echo the opinion of all observing persons I have spoken to when I say that immense injury is being done by this high pressure life. The physique is being undermined.

The San Diego Ruins.

These are the most interesting ruins on the American continent for many reasons. No record exists of their building or destruction. In Jemez Pueblo there is a volume known as the "Montezuma Book," which is a history of Spanish manuscript of the Conquest by Cortez, but it makes no allusion to this building. A tradition comes through the Jemez Indians to the effect that their ancestors had been used as slaves by the inmates of the building, and that they rebelled and massacred them, but they do not seem to have any idea of how long ago it happened.

Never have any ruins been found of such stupendous proportions as these. Walls nowhere less than nine feet thick, of solid stone, and around the great tower fourteen feet thick. The walls are yet standing forty feet high, and the tower seventy-five. There are many rooms in the building, and the one apparently used for divine services is one hundred and fifty feet long. Adjoining the church there is a large courtyard enclosed by a high stone wall of equal thickness with the walls of the church, and there are a dozen of ponderous stone buildings near the church.

A large brick pavement that stood in front of the entrance to the church has been carried off un-

til now not a vestige remains excepting some broken pieces scattered through the debris. A few of the bricks have been secured by the people here, and we will at least have these to show to visitors. They have withstood the vicissitudes of the weather for upward of three centuries, and are as good as the day they were made. They have a uniform bright tint, and when struck sharply emit a metallic ring. They are far superior to any in the line of brick that is made at the present day. It is a great pity that the pavement has been destroyed, for the bricks were arranged in artistic manner, and were of different shapes, triangular, octagon, square, oblong etc.

No underground rooms or vaults have been found in the building, but it is believed that such exist, and also that there is treasure buried somewhere about the place.

Around the church are the ruins of an ancient city of considerable dimensions, the houses of which were built of porphyry, and some of the walls are yet in a good state of preservation.

Horse Trading and Theology.

A Hudson river farmer who wanted a better horse than he possessed, drove into Yonkers one day with his nag, and hunting up a citizen who had the sort of horse he wanted, the farmer stated his desire to exchange, and added: "I understand that you are a Christian man?" "Yes, sir." "Belong to the Baptist church?" "Yes." "One of the deacons, I believe?" "I am." A trade was made, and the farmer drove home with the new equine. But in the course of three days he returned and began: "See here, deacon, what kind of a man are you? You never told me that horse I got of you had spavins and ringbones and heaves?" "No, I believe I didn't." "Well, you are a pretty Christian, you are." "My friend," placidly replied the good man, "if you can find it anywhere in the good book that a deacon in the Baptist church must point out the defects in his own horse, where a sinner is too ignorant to see for himself, I'll admit my sin and trade back. Come in and we'll hunt for the passage."

An interesting Decision.

A married woman, on her return home at night, applied at the railroad station at ten o'clock for the ticket; she offered to pay her fare, but the agent was so careless and inattentive that she failed to get the ticket, and he did not signal the train to stop. She was then forced to walk two miles over a rough road, to find a lodging place, and being delicate in health she fell sick and suffered both in mind and body. An action for damages was brought by the husband, in his own and his wife's name, and judgment of \$300 recovered. The company appealed, Houston and Texas Central Railroad Company vs. Frederika, to the Supreme court of Texas, who, in June, affirmed the judgment. Judge Wilson in the opinion, said that the company was liable for the neglect of the ticket agent, and that the damages should be sufficient to cover all reasonable claims for injuries, including as well the mental as the physical suffering.—Bradstreet.

A steam generator has been devised on a plan by which, at each stroke of the piston of the engine, a certain quantity of water is projected against two strongly heated metal plates, the steam so produced going directly into the cylinder—an arrangement by which not only a special generator, but also the valve system for the entering steam, is superfluous. In a description given of this mechanism the vaporizing surface is said to consist of two metallic cones, one within the other, with an interval of about 0.04 inch between; the hollow space is divided into two chambers, each of which is connected with one side of the cylinder; and the gases play first on the inner surface of the double cone, then on the outer. This arrangement, as far as tested, has given quite satisfactory results.—N. Y. Sun.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

The smallest babe was born in Chandelaria, Nev., a few weeks ago. The father and mother are strong and healthy, weighing 190 and 160 pounds. The child is a male, perfectly formed. When it first saw the light it weighed eight ounces. Its face is about the size of a horse chestnut. The mother's wedding ring was pulled over its foot up to the knee. Three such babies could play hide and seek in a cigar box. It is in good health.

The smallest steam engine in the world was made by D. A. A. Buck of Waterbury, Conn. The engine, boiler, governor and pumps stand in a space seven-sixteenths of an inch square or the area of a gold dollar and five-eighths of an inch high. The engine has 148 distinct pieces of machinery, held together by fifty-two screws. Three drops of water fill the boiler to overflowing. The diameter of the cylinders is a sixteenth of an inch. The length of the stroke three thirty-seconds of an inch. The whole engine weighs three grains.

A Woman's Way.

Woman, in reading a newspaper has a distinct method of her own. She takes it up hurriedly, and begins to scan it over rapidly, as though she were hunting some particular thing, but she is not. She is merely taking in the obscure paragraphs, which, she believes, were put in out-of-the-way places for the sake of keeping her from seeing them.

Marriages and deaths are always interesting reading to her, and advertisements are exciting and stimulating. She cares but little for printed jokes unless they reflect upon the men, and then she delights in them and never forgets them.

She pays particular attention to anything inclosed in quotations, and considers it rather better authority than anything first-hand.

The columns in which the editor airs his opinions, in leading editorial, she rarely reads. Views are of no importance in her estimation but facts are everything. She generally reads the poetry. She doesn't care for it, but makes a practice of reading it because she thinks she ought to do so.

She reads sketches, and stories, and paragraphs indiscriminately, and believes every word of them. After she has read all she wants, she lays the paper down with an air of disappointment as she observes that "there is nothing in it."

Bill Arr on Modern Courtship.

I am sorry for the little chaps of this generation, for they are stuffed and crammed with every good thing before they are old enough to enjoy it, and their very cradles are filled with marbles, and tops, and pocket-knives, and balls, until they are surfeited and get tired of everything and go about unhappy and whining for something else. Children ain't children now.

The boys don't play ball-pen, nor town-ball, nor chinkapins, nor cat, and string 'em, and put 'em around their sweethearts' necks and steal a kiss for pay. I remember—I will remember—I will always remember the first sweet kiss I got from mine. Ginger cakes were mighty good in their way, but they never thrilled me, nor waked up the elysian joys that slumbered in my astonished bosom. Wonder if the like of that is to come back to a man in heaven? I hope so, for love is heaven, and that kind of love was innocent and pure.

I honestly believe the boys of the olden times loved the girls a heap better than the boys do now, and versa visa. There wasn't so many things to distract their attention and scatter it around promiscuous. Why, when one of them old time boys loved a girl he loved her as hard as a mule could kick. Loved her all over; he just felt exactly like he could wade through bloody seas to get to her.

But now there is so many fine clothes, so much jewelry to distract a young girl's attention, that she thinks more of fashion and clothes than she does of the boy, and then there are so many balls and round

dances and so many promiscuous arms swinging her around that she likes one fellow as well as another, and the trouble is after she gets married she keeps on loving 'em. If I was a young man now I don't think I would mate with that sort of a girl, money or no money; that is if there was any other sort with-in marrying distance; and if I was a girl I would say, hands off, young gentlemen, until the preacher makes us better acquainted. These are old-fashioned ideas I know, but somehow old folks can't get rid of 'em.

Land Office Evils.

An evil which has grown to great proportions and for which a remedy is being eagerly sought is now engaging the attention of Commissioner McFarland, of the General Land Office. It is to prevent persons who make what is known as timber culture entries from disposing of their entry, without having made some improvement as the law contemplates. Under the law one year is allowed for improvement, but speculators have been in the habit of disposing of the land before that period elapses, thus complying with the letter while they violate the spirit of the law.

The practice of clerks in the land offices throughout the country acting as attorneys for persons having business before the receivers has grown to such an extent that Commissioner McFarland has taken the matter in hand, and to-day Orlando Fletcher, a clerk in the receiver's office at Mitchell, D. T., was discharged for engaging in such business.

Two Somersaults in a Car.

"We stopped suddenly," said Dr. Raines, "when the two trains met on the track just this side of Rome yesterday. For my part I went feet foremost under the seat that was just in front of where I was sitting. The most singular thing that I witnessed was done just across the aisle from me. There were two men, sitting one directly behind the other, and in front of them was an unoccupied seat. When the engines struck, the man in front turned a complete somersault and lit in the vacant seat just exactly as he sat in the other seat. The other man performed exactly the same feat and lit in the seat lately occupied by his neighbor."—Rome Sentinel.

That Blessed Child.

One of those unnaturally bright children who are always getting people into difficulties was at a prayer-meeting the other evening with his mother, when he asked aloud:

"Ma, say, who was Dinah Moore?" "Hu-u-sh," whispered his mother, cautiously, "it's a hymn."

"No, it ain't, ma," continued the hopeful, "it's a woman: say, whose going home to Dinah Moore?"

"Willie," said his mother, in a ghastly voice, "you're disturbing the meeting. It means going to Heaven to die no more."

"Dine no more! Oh, ma; don't they eat anything there? I don't want to go there if they don't have any dinner!"

His mother explained as well as she could, and Willie sat still for half a minute, his bright eyes roving about the church. Then he asked, in a shrill whisper.

"Ma, is God out of town?"

"No-o-o, no-no," answered the distracted woman, faintly.

"Then what's Mr. Kelly running this meeting for, ma?" continued the sweet child.

The choir sung him down, but as the meeting closed with a moment of silent prayer his gentle voice was distinctly heard saying: "Old Mrs. Jones' switch don't match her hair like yours does, ma!"—Detroit Post and Tribune.

A defective memory: "Have you ever before been punished by the law?" asked an Austin justice of a colored culprit. "Yes, I called a man a liar and had to pay a fine." "Is that the only time you have come in conflict with the law?" "Now, dat yer speaks ob it, Jedge, I beleeves I was in de penitentiary for ten years, if I disremember myself."—Texas Siftings.